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"In the Street" by Abraham Walkowitz, 1909, from the exhibition "The Modern Spirit: American Painting 1900-1935" at the Arts Council exhibition first seen at the Edinburgh Festival and now at the Hayward Gallery, London, until November 20. This painting is classed with some early canvases by Max Weber and others as the 'avant-garde before the Armory Show'—the international exhibition of modern art held in New York in 1913 which inspired Walkowitz and many American painters to experiment with abstraction. Walkowitz is also noted for the hundreds of drawings and watercolours he made of Isadora Duncan, whose dancing fascinated him.

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Twenty years ago scarcely anyone bothered with the history of the family. Today an observer might be forgiven for thinking that in France, in the United States and in Cambridge historians study little else. *Aniellies*, the *Journal of Interdisciplinary History*, the *History of Childhood Quarterly* (now the *Journal of Psycho-History*), *Local Population Studies* and similar periodicals all testify to the burgeoning interest in the family structure, sexual habits and domestic relationships of our ancestors. Among the lay public the interest is equally great; the Cambridge Group for the History of Population and Social Structure enjoys the assistance of hundreds of parish registers, reconstituting families, totting up bastard statistics, looking out for premarital conceptions.

Yet there is still no real agreement as to how the subject should be approached or what the unit of study should be. Dought historians to concentrate on the experience of children (as in Philippe Ariès's vast *Infantile Centuries of Childhood*) or of women (as in the plethora of North American 'women's studies' or on the state of the household (as in Cambridge)? Should the approach be demographic or psychoanalytic or sociological? Or is the very idea of a history of the family a delusion, an obstacle to perceiving the real history of times and economies, of which changing family structures are a mere epiphenomenon?

Much of the popular appeal of the Cambridge Group is due to the tireless evangelizing of Peter Laslett, and he at least has no doubts as to how the subject should be approached. It must, he prescribes, start with figures and quantities. *Family Life and Illicit Love in Earlier Generations*, his new collection of essays (most of them edited reprints of papers already published at various conferences), is accordingly numerical in tone, and his pages are decorated with dozens of carefully compiled graphs and tables. But their essential message is not a complicated one. The opening essay, 'Return to the past', which he and his colleagues have repeatedly made, 'For several centuries before industrialization the western European family had a distinctive pattern: typically, the household included parents and children, but not an extended family; marriage was postponed until the mid or late twenties; the age-gap between husbands and wives was slight; and there were usually servants living in.'

To establish these conclusions the Cambridge Group (which is now financed by the Social Science Research Council) has used thousands of hours of computer time as well as the assistance of its volunteer helpers. Yet in essence they were nearly all set out as long ago as 1963 in Mr Laslett's excellent essay on the two seventeenth-century English families of Clayworth and Cogenhoe, which is reprinted here, though with some regrettable omissions. In this paper he also uses surviving household listings to show the high rate of remarriage and the even higher rate of population turnover (two-thirds in twelve years at Clayworth), which made seventeenth-century England so mobile a society.

Statistics are also the main ingredient of another long essay which uses a sample of parish registers and the reports of the Registrar General to construct a graph of long-term trends in bastardy in England since the sixteenth century. (This is all one gets of the 'illicit love' promised by the book's title.) Mr Laslett concludes

that the illegitimacy rate reached a peak in the early seventeenth century, dropped sharply in the 1650s and then rose to an even higher peak around 1800.

A fourth essay suggests that in the seventeenth century perhaps over a fifth of all resident children had lost at least one parent by death, a degree of parental deprivation higher than that produced in contemporary America by marital break-up. With industrial society the twentieth century, observes Mr Laslett, 'is not more likely, but less likely, to leave children without their natural parents than was pre-industrial England.' The following essay, by contrast, shows that the problem of the aged is much more serious today than it was in the past, since persons aged over sixty-five now form an unprecedented high proportion of the population. The remaining chapters contain a discussion of the age of sexual maturity in the past, of the role of the family in the development of the individual and Mr Laslett's contribution to the recent discussion of Fogel and Ruggles' work on negro slavery, *Time on the Cross*.

These essays thus comprise some interesting and valuable contributions, though the Cambridge Group's complexity may and these statistical work often obscures the contrast with the more obviously seductive *The World We Have Lost*. Mr Laslett analyses the outcome of millions of acts of copulation, but scarcely ever refers to any of the people, save for a Devonshire family of congenital bastard-bearers, appropriately named Hoare, and one solitary bastard - Muzard Laslett. Nevertheless, the book certainly establishes one of his main contentions, which is his main contribution: the historical study of the family, as a social science, is a very different thing from the present, many of whose assumptions about the social conditions of the past prove to be wholly mythical.

At the same time Mr Laslett's essays provoke some doubts as to whether further all this heavily subsidised work on household listings and parish registers can hope to go. For both these sources have their serious deficiencies. Parochial registration was often erratic, while household listings give a view of the past which conceals the tendency of most households to expand and contract during the parents' lifetime. In any case, no historian should confine himself to a single type of evidence. Illegitimate statistics compiled from parish registers alone are not worth much until they have been checked against bastardy prosecutions in church courts and quarter sessions; and when such a check is made, parish registers often prove misleading.

Mr Laslett, however, takes an austere view as to what sources the historian may properly use. Although alluding at one point to the 'attitudinal or ideological evidence we need so much', he tends to speak any material which does not lend itself to immediate quantification. Not surprisingly, his indifference to such sources sometimes leads him into error, as when he tries to infer a maximum age of marriage on the basis of girls at marriage on the (equally mistaken) assumption that the Christian Church had a rule forbidding marriages to take place until both spouses were sexually mature. His passing reference to the existence of a 'faint trace of the age of wives amongst the English peasantry' does not suggest a profound acquaintance with eighteenth-century newspapers.

Along with Mr Laslett's restricted range of sources goes an apparent indifference to the social and economic changes which shaped the family. In the past, the family tends to appear as a mere numerical unit, abstracted from any actual historical context. This tendency was taken to its extreme in the essay (not included here) on the 'illicit love' scheme, where a figure for the mean size of the English household over three hundred years of history by lumping together results obtained from a hundred communities of vastly different character, location and

period. Although now well advanced beyond such earlier crudities, the work of the Cambridge Group, indispensable though it is, still seems to leave out so much that is integral to family history, whether it be its internal affective relationships, its external relations with other kin or its variation with different kinds of economic and social structure. But Mr Laslett is determined to be 'scientific' and, in what he rightly calls this 'still immature field', being scientific apparently means sticking to those facts which can be counted and ignoring those which cannot. In historical sociology, he says, 'we have to be satisfied with the small things we can do'.

Lawrence Stone, by contrast, has never been one to be satisfied with small things. In his enormous new book he draws on the work of the Cambridge Group and other historical demographers, but does not transcend it by grappling with those realities of family and sexual relationship which historical demography alone can never expose. He accepts Mr Laslett's finding that the English family has changed little over the past 500 years, but he justifiably believes that this superficial community conceals considerable changes of sentiment and ideology. The aim of *The Family, Sex and Marriage in England 1500-1800* is to construct a typology of those changes and to illustrate them from the surviving evidence of the period.

This is a colossal task, for Professor Stone has allotted himself a timespan of 300 years and his analysis is aimed at the whole of the English family, not just the aristocracy or the peasant poor. There is no previous work of even vaguely comparable scope. This makes *The Family, Sex and Marriage in England* Professor Stone's most ambitious work yet, even though it comes from the pen of a historian who has by now produced some 3,000 pages in hard covers. Lawrence Stone is one of the most buoyantly investigating figures on the contemporary historical scene, and his new work displays his usual attributes: voracious reading, a striking capacity for synthesis and an ability to write vivid, continuously interesting prose. It is also, because some carelessness about details, a tendency to exaggerate and an eagerness to push recalcitrant facts into unduly schematic categories, that these are the near-inevitable defects of positive qualifications for which most readers will be grateful.

It is presumably the very scale of Professor Stone's inquiry (together perhaps with the fact of his overseas residence in the United States) which has led him on this occasion to make little use of unpublished evidence; there is nothing in the book to parallel the intimate acquaintance with noble family archives displayed in *The Crisis of the Aristocracy*. Indeed, he draws upon a wide range of recent historical writings, supplemented by his own extensive reading of what he calls 'all the most readily accessible' printed personal documents (diaries, autobiographies, family correspondence, etc.) and 'all [sic] the most popular classic literary and artistic works' of the period. This in itself would be a welcome programme of reading for most people, but the lack of recourse to manuscript sources (notably the records of the church courts) means that the argument has to become decidedly speculative whenever it relates to the lower classes, for whom published literary sources scarcely exist. Throughout the book Professor Stone always shows himself an authoritative when writing about the aristocracy, least happy when considering the marital and sexual habits of what he calls 'the plebs'.

Yet for all the readily acknowledged gaps in his evidence, Professor Stone is not diffident about setting out a clear scheme. Between 1500 and 1800, he maintains, there were three successive types of family in England, each overlapping with its predecessor. They were, respectively, the Open Lineage Family, inherited from the

Middle Ages and surviving, about 1630, the Restricted Family, surviving around 1700, and lasting until 1780, and the Closed Domesticated Nuclear Family, emerging after 1640 and finding fulfilment in the eighteenth century. The change from one type to the next occurred, among the upper bourgeoisie, synchronously, subsequently moving upwards and downwards in changes were mostly in the direction, away from an imperious family in which individuals were not much valued for themselves, on the basis of a more loving relationship ('affective bonding' greater intimacy between the parents and their children, and the right all to privacy and sexual fulfilment. This change is what Professor Stone calls the Rise of the Individualism. He places it in the period 1600-1800, and regards it as 'the most important change, mentalities to have occurred in the Early Modern Period, indeed, sibly in the last thousand years of Western History'.

In the Open Lineage Family, contrast, there had, he says, a little respect for individual autonomy or privacy. When marriages, Tudor aristocrats were primarily concerned with the preservation of their family name and estate, not with personal pleasure. The peasantry were a little more concerned with the landed holdings. Relations between members of the same family were cool, even brutal. 'The pulling of upper-class infants to water reflected the callousness of the parents and in turn contributed to the socialisation of the child. In the sixteenth century interpersonal relations were cold and at worst hostile. To people found it very difficult to establish close emotional ties with any other person. Children were neglected, brutally treated, even killed.'

The declining importance of extended kinship put an end to the Open Lineage Family. In its place, the Restricted Family emerged. This was a family in which the father, who had the domestic say over the child's choice of career and marriage partner, was subordinate to the level of competition in the family. Children were cruelly beaten at home and in the heavy rate of mortality rate that wives and children could be regarded as easily replaceable, and was taken as a warning against excessive emotional investment with others.

Then in the eighteenth century came the Closed Domesticated Family and the triumph of the individualism. Swaddling, wet-nursing were abandoned, rights of children to choose their own occupations and spouses accepted. The level of competition between husbands and wives rose sharply. Relationships of greater intimacy were established between parents and children; the child's death now provoked mourning, not the more resigned grief of former times. Each generation appeared unique, incapable of being exactly replicated. For intimacy and warmth became characteristics of an inward-looking family circle. Meanwhile, sexual associations with sin and prostitution were pursued for its own sake. Outside, there was growing anxiety of pornography, homosexuality and sexual experimentation. The way had been prepared for modern American dream of loving, tolerant, sexually obsessed

Professor Stone does not make the changes wholly clear, though he is emphatic that they are not to be very closely linked to the rise of capitalism, the spirit of 'modernisation' or any evolutionary scheme. Indeed, movement was not linear, for argues that the rise of capitalism was a more complex phenomenon, a less neutral attitude to sex. Affective individualism, he thinks, drew its strength from an improvement in the expectation of life, making

safer to invest emotional capital in the lives of other people. But since he places the beginnings of affective individualism in the later seventeenth century, when mortality was particularly high, he does not claim an exact correlation between improved life-expectancy and changing sentiment. Nevertheless, he declares that 'it is impossible to stress too heavily the importance of the Early Modern Family, whether from the point of view of husbands or wives, or parents and children'. (Mr Laslett, by contrast, maintains that 'in the traditional world full family life [defined as married persons having children living at home] lasted proportionately longer for most persons than it does in the present world'.)

Professor Stone's complicated argument is subtler and more nuanced than this crude summary suggests. He cites many obvious exceptions to his general scheme, but he constantly emphasises the cultural diversity of the society under examination. The book contains some strikingly vivid passages, including two memorable set-pieces on the appalling exiles of Peys and Boswell, and a chapter on the death of their children, 'struggling it off as a common event on which it would be foolish to waste much emotion'. On the contrary, it is not hard to think of parents who were driven distraught by the experience. Nor is the Tudor period barren of evidence of parental affection; also why should the boy bishop of Gloucester in 1558 have lamented the fondness of parents who wheeled their infants to say 'I am father's boy' or 'I am mother's boy' or 'I like father (or mother) best': 'they dandle him and dandle him and pamper him and stroke his head'. Such affection was not confined to smaller children. One Elizabethan author writes of university students going home from the university 'in post haste to visit their mothers, who thought each day of their son's absence to be a whole month. Glorious of the kind make one suspicious of Professor Stone's portrait of these Tudor families as stiff, distrustful, chilly, incapable of warm relationships, regarding each other as instantly replaceable. As he himself recognises, the popular dream of the Elizabethan period abounds in images of family warmth and solidarity. In Alfred Harbage's words, 'the normality of the mutual devotion of husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, was taken for granted'.

In practice, of course, Professor Stone repeatedly qualifies his argument. He concedes that arranged marriages sometimes worked, that often the godparents who chose the child's name and they tended to name him after themselves. When Sir Simonds D'Eves's father was Christian, the minister had to intervene because of 'the idle alteration and striving of his godfathers at the font'. He chose to baptize the child after his son's name, which was the name of the lower classes. But otherwise he does not attempt to probe their culture, this view of it from the outside is harsh, reminiscent indeed of more recent middle-class grumblings about 'the working classes', they beat their wives, are callous to their children, persecute sexual deviants and are unwilling to undress save in the dark. Yet since medieval times there is much evidence to suggest that nowhere was the independence of women greater, nowhere were small children more pampered and nowhere were sexual matters more frankly and more humorously discussed than among some of the peasantry and labouring classes.

It is understandable that Professor Stone should resist the current historiographical tendency to romanticise the contracted lives of the poor. But Colclough was surely nearer the truth when he wrote of how one day at Keswick he heard a thatcher's wife crying her heart out for the death of her little child. It was given me all at once to feel that I sympathized equally with the poor and the rich in all that related to the best part of humanity - the affections.' These considerations should not be allowed to detract from the many merits of Professor Stone's absorbing if occasionally wayward book. The history of the emotions is a difficult territory and its interpretation a subjective matter. Professor Stone's argument may yet prove to be substantially right. Meanwhile he has offered an indispensable chart to a landscape which it will take at least another generation of historians to explore with any precision. Indeed, the *Family, Sex and Marriage in England* is reminiscent of one of those pioneering maps from the age of discovery. Some of its outlines are clear, a few perhaps deceptively so. Others are blurred and incomplete. In the margins a respectable number of fabulous monsters can be seen gambolling. In course of time such maps are inevitably superseded. But they are not discarded altogether. Instead they are preserved by later generations to hang on the study wall as an eloquent and valued memorial of how much and how little was once known.

Jonni Calder's *The Victorian Home* (238pp, Batsford, £5.50), to be published on October 27, is a wide-ranging survey of the home and its place in Victorian life, with chapters on such topics as the home as 'The Place of Power', 'Order, Harmony and Comfort', 'working-class homes, children, and "Taste and Status"'. The author quotes extensively from contemporary writers, and there are 105 black-and-white illustrations.

Impressionism by drawing on every kind of relevant evidence, biological, sociological, political, economic, psychological and sexual. No historian can do more. But the method will never convince those who find any parts of the picture implausible; and sceptics will not be disarmed when they discover Professor Stone citing *Father and Son* and *The Way of All Flesh* as evidence (though, perhaps untypical) for the Victorian family.

My own feeling is that, although Professor Stone is right to place the appearance of a public ideology of affective individualism in the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, he is wrong to paint so harsh a picture of family relationships in Tudor and early Stuart times. I am not persuaded that instances of companionate marriage were relatively uncommon. They can be found wherever the evidence is full enough, not just in the early seventeenth century but in the 1540s, as in the correspondence of the merchant family of Johnsons, or in the 1530s in the letters of Lady Lisle to her husband 'mine own sweet heart... I shall think every hour ten till I be with you again'. Neither am I convinced that the Jacobean were normally apathetic or stoical about the death of their children, 'struggling it off as a common event on which it would be foolish to waste much emotion'. On the contrary, it is not hard to think of parents who were driven distraught by the experience. Nor is the Tudor period barren of evidence of parental affection; also why should the boy bishop of Gloucester in 1558 have lamented the fondness of parents who wheeled their infants to say 'I am father's boy' or 'I am mother's boy' or 'I like father (or mother) best': 'they dandle him and dandle him and pamper him and stroke his head'. Such affection was not confined to smaller children. One Elizabethan author writes of university students going home from the university 'in post haste to visit their mothers, who thought each day of their son's absence to be a whole month. Glorious of the kind make one suspicious of Professor Stone's portrait of these Tudor families as stiff, distrustful, chilly, incapable of warm relationships, regarding each other as instantly replaceable. As he himself recognises, the popular dream of the Elizabethan period abounds in images of family warmth and solidarity. In Alfred Harbage's words, 'the normality of the mutual devotion of husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, was taken for granted'.

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The great god GNP

By Brian Griffiths

E. J. MISHAN:
The Economic Growth Debate
248pp. Allen and Unwin. £7.50
(paperback, £3.50).

As a profession, economists have shown a remarkable reluctance to think about the more general implications of modern economic life. Indeed as the subject has gained status as a scientific discipline, so conventions have been developed which effectively restrict certain kinds of questions from being considered. Two in particular are important: the treatment of changing tastes and the criteria of welfare economics. One reason for the success of economics as a science is that it explains the behaviour of economic phenomena almost exclusively in terms of changing constraints — relative prices, budgets, taxes, tariffs, money stock, exchange control — rather than of those factors which influence the tastes and preferences of the particular group being considered.

Take for example the growth in the size of government. In most Western countries over the past half-century, there has been an increase in the size of government, regardless of how one measures it. It is far more likely that an economist will attempt to explain such a phenomenon in terms of such factors as the real income elasticity of demand for those services provided by government, rather than in terms of the growing collectivist and egalitarian spirit of the decades. Or again, the growth of crime would be explained not in terms of any breakdown in society or a decline in standards but in incentives to criminals — the likely pay-off, the probability of being caught, the amount of the fine and the corruptibility of the police, which in turn would depend on the amount of the fine relative to police pay. In this kind of exercise

changes in values and ideology are firmly impounded in the *ceteris paribus* of the traditional economic method. Far from having misgivings about the possible narrowness of this approach, it is hailed as the foundation of the subject's success (mimic among the social sciences), and is rapidly being extended to all sorts of unlikely areas — marriage, the family, suicide, crime prevention and drug addiction.

The second convention is the criteria by which to judge the well-being of society. Although the growth of scientific economics has been paralleled by the development of welfare economics, the criteria which have been established for assessing "economic welfare" — the amount of goods supplied, the competitiveness of markets, optimal taxation (and possibly the distribution of income) — are firmly within the accepted boundaries drawn for this subject. As a result of two critical assumptions, that more means better and that only the individual knows his own best interests, economists tend unanimously to be in favour of supplying more of anything for which there is a demand, be it soy beans, striptease or heroin, of increasing the competitiveness of those markets which produce such wealth, and of levying taxes to correct distortions which the market economy might produce but cannot easily correct, such as pollution. The alleged virtue of this approach is that because it involves the minimum intrusion of individual value judgments, the integrity of economics as a science is maintained.

As a result of these two critical conventions, the broader questions raised by contemporary capitalism in the West are deftly sidestepped: social implications like the crumbs from the rich man's table are left for sociologists to consider; the debate over economic justice is something for which social philosophers and amateur economists are considered to be better suited than any talk of the morality of economic matters is treated as a vulgar intrusion. As economics has gained primacy in the social sciences and as the economic method is capturing terri-

tory formerly held by other social disciplines, there can be little doubt that in the social sciences today *Homo economicus* rules. Amid the encircling gloom, however, there are still a few brave souls who refuse to bow the knee to Baal. The most vocal are the Marxists. But although they reject the splendid isolation of scientific economics, their criteria for evaluating social welfare are unswervingly materialist. J. K. Galbraith, too, is critical of neoclassical economics, but his major effort is directed to showing the irrelevance of the standard competitive model in a world of large multinational corporations, rather than the limitations of the economic method itself. Among traditional economists E. J. Mishan is establishing himself as one of the most serious and penetrating critics.

Unlike many critics he has impeccable credentials: a Chicago postgraduate education under Milton Friedman and over the past quarter-century major contributions to the traditional economic method. Ten years ago, with the publication of *The Costs of Economic Growth*, he established himself as a major critic of conventional thinking. His thesis in that book was that the collective pursuit of economic growth, while critical to technological innovation, may have such perverse far-reaching consequences on the biosphere and society as to render the conventional economic criteria of well-being not only redundant, but wrong. Contrary to accepted thinking, there might well be an inverse relation between GNP and the welfare of society. Not surprisingly the book sparked off a lively debate, which has grown over the years on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Economic Growth Debate is a development of that thesis. It is largely concerned with the desirability of continued economic growth, leaving other aspects of the subject, such as the possible physical limitations on the growth process, to be dealt with in a later volume. The book begins by showing why the economic growth debate is far too serious a business to be left to economists; not only because over the longer term changes in GNP are an extremely unreliable measure of a country's overall economic efficiency, but also because of the inadequacy of conventional economic criteria for ranking societies which may be very different in character and yet equally efficient in an economic sense.

After the contribution of economics is shown to be trivial as well as probably perverse, most of the pro-growth arguments — e.g. "the non-algebraic" of the economic growth debate" — as he calls it — are put under the microscope, only to be discarded. Technological growth, far from being the advance of man, is shown to be his master, exerting an even greater price in human terms and providing in return little more than chisel. In what is certainly the most provocative part of the book Mishan devotes fourteen chapters to the question of the growth of the good life. Apart from food, shelter, health, security and an awareness of nature, great emphasis is laid on the family, trust, custom, "a permanent code of right and wrong", placed far above the realm of morals, impervious to the flux of history and to the ebb and flow of events, religious belief and personal freedom. In each chapter the author carefully shows the ways in which there are fundamental disharmonies between these and the quest for continued economic growth. The dismal conclusion which is then drawn is that modern economic growth, because of the values and attitudes which it has created, is undermining the legitimacy of the institutions and myths which have traditionally brought stability and cohesion to the West, so much so that if the quest for growth continues the disintegrating social order will almost certainly drive us along the road to the totalitarian state.

As with most of Mishan's work this book is vivid and entertainingly written as well as being ambitious and highly provocative. The author emerges from it as a modern scholastic, determined to falsify the level of debate on economic issues to the standards of a few centuries ago.

The book has significance at a number of different levels. Its

major theme, namely that the impact of economic growth can only be assessed in terms of its larger impact on values, rather than its immediate impact on output, is refreshingly attempted to show the limitations of economics as a science. This is in no way an attempt to belittle the genuine and important contribution of economic analysis in helping us to understand many and varied problems. But the weakness of the present trend within the subject is that it is intent on explaining all social phenomena in nothing but economic terms. Indeed I have little doubt that in time economists will develop models to explain such problems not only as the growth of government and crime but also the family, religion and pornography which, judged by standard scientific tests, will yield results which are highly significant and yet in which the explanation is solely in terms of changing economic constraints with no reference whatever to changes in values and ideology. Far from being the genuine extension of science, this seems to me to be nothing more than the affirmation of a rather naive form of economic determinism. Indeed, if one starts by using this framework, not only are changing values totally redundant in any socio-economic explanation, but it would be very difficult to know how such a method could ever be refuted in a scientific sense. In the debate over economic growth the book firmly nails the idea that *ceteris paribus* can be treated as *paribus*, so that economists cannot remain

content with the traditional approach. Linked to this it also succeeds in showing that there can be no meaningful debate over the welfare of society without setting out an explicit system of values, which ranges far more widely than simply affirming that "more is better". In this way the book is a genuine contribution in lifting the debate out of the quagmire of traditional welfare economics and setting it off on a new course, which economists will take place in the debate not *qua* economists but along with all others who have an interest in the future of human values within our society.

Although in one sense the book is an attempt to assess the economic growth debate as it has developed over the past decade, another is its struggling with a larger question, namely the death of the West. The author is quite explicit in arguing that the quest for economic growth is an integral part of the decline of the West and tracing it back to a social movement with its concern for the well-being of the nation, its total self-confidence over the perfectibility of man and its belief that the promised land could be ultimately reached through the pursuit of science and technology. I have no doubt in my own mind that Mishan is fundamentally correct in arguing along these lines. The only caveat I would enter is that in making "economic growth" the villain of the piece he tends to attach too much importance to it and fails to stress sufficiently that it is simply one consequence of man's rejection of the transcendent.

The Canadian "Devil's Face" dollar banknote of 1954, in which the peeping eye of Satan was said to be visible among the Queen's curls. People began refusing to handle the note, and the issue had to be withdrawn and replaced. Surviving specimens naturally retain a collecting value. From the fully illustrated *A Collector's Guide to Paper Money* by Andre Deutch. (255pp. André Deutsch, £6.95).



Pre-coup Peru

By George Philip

PEDRO-PABLO KUCZYNSKI:
Peruvian Democracy Under Economic Stress
An Account of the Belaúnde Administration 1963-1968
308pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £12.70.

Under the Belaúnde regime, the Peruvian Central Bank employed a talented group of young economists who at least partially compensated for the lack of economic expertise within the rest of the government. With the coup of 1968, this group was scattered abroad — some to American universities while others joined the World Bank or the American private sector. One member of this last group, Pedro Pablo Kuczynski, has now provided us with an account of the Belaúnde regime which helps fill a large gap in the literature. Although himself closely concerned with events, the author keeps in the background and lucidly written, even (or should we say especially?) when he is engaged in detailed discussion of Belaúnde's economic and financial policies. On the other hand, the economist's perspective is unmistakable, with its concern to evaluate as much as to explain, its focus

on immediate personalities, events and decisions rather than on historical perspective, and its attribution to ignorance or error of what others might see as anti-social growth interest. For these reasons, some might regard the book as limited in scope but it will none the less prove useful both to those directly concerned with Peru and to any development economist interested in financial or industrialization policies.

Certainly the Belaúnde regime was full of contradictions. The President stressed decentralization but his policies overwhelmingly favoured the capital. He was eager for American aid, but his term in office saw a whole series of conflicts with Washington. He was the favoured candidate of the military but nevertheless fell victim to a coup. Thus, as the period 1963 to 1968 is not that of smooth progress but of twists and turns and difficulties, while fully describing these difficulties Kuczynski is fairly sympathetic to the President himself, whom he sees as having been let down by the ignorance and vacillation of certain of his colleagues, the intransigent opposition of Aprista leader Haya de la Torre and the plotting of a few generals. Even so, he believes that the Belaúnde administration built upon a "false future". Unfortunately, at the moment it is hard to see how.

PAUL BARKER (Editor):
Arts in Society
285pp. Fontana. £1.50.
MORROE BERGER:
Real and Imagined Worlds
The Novel and Social Science
303pp. Harvard University Press. £10.50.

Art can only suffer by being made a possession of its society, but society has everything to gain from being treated as art. Paul Barker's *Arts in Society* is intended: its subject actually is society as art. The ephemeral emblems of the industrial world, freight containers, potato crisps, early-warning radar domes, are here transformed by semiotic sleight-of-hand into mythological art objects. The book is named after the *Arts in Society* feature in *New Society*, which Mr Barker edits and from which all the essays have been reprinted. That phrase suggests the tolling socialist conscience, anxious to justify the dreary games of art by attaching them to a social purpose; but Mr Barker's contributors have quite different intentions. They are not concerned to burden art with a mission in society but to redeem it as a condition of art. Rather than sociological missers enforcing criteria of relevance and utility, they are inventive and audacious aesthetes, entranced by ice-cream vans and power stations, clipboards and kitchen gadgets. Mr Barker's sober periodical looks, from this selection, like a kitschy and trendy contemporary Yellow Book.

The collection of articles is important because it documents and memorialises the new aestheticism of our culture. The structuralism which underpins many of the contributors' analyses is a simplified formalism, licensing the separation of dull content or industrial function from the decorative closing of an object: it is Susan Sontag's "camp" with a new armoury of jargon. Camp is the triumphant stylisation of the world, the victory of manner over matter which Wilde was the first to predict. Semiology has turned camp from a sedition to a science. The adversary teasing which made Whitman praise the drab Battersea embankment as Auden the Oxford canal becomes a discipline for discovering a language of beauty in the detritus of industry. Genet complicity justified thievery and burglary if they were performed elegantly, being were transformed into appearing. The same aesthetic immorality has now been institutionalised by academic criticism. In *Arts in Society*, Reynier Banham, Professor of the History of Architecture at the State University of New York, Buffalo, expatiates on the cherries pointed on Cummins ice-cream vans, and Michael Wood, Professor of English and Comparative Literature at Columbia, submits the lyrics of the Beach Boys to an appreciative close reading.

These acts of trespass by the clergy have been made possible by the simple structuralist decision to consider a sign in isolation from what it signifies. Structuralism is all too anxious to The Picture of Dorian Gray. That fable exposes the double dealing of the semiotic technique. Dorian chooses appearing and leaves the punitive and gruesome business of being to his picture; ageless and unscorched by his depravity, he is the sign, immune to the discoloration from what it signifies. In logical succession Angela Carter, like Whitman softening the warehouses and gas-lamps of the Thames into an oriental nocturne, contributes to *Arts in Society* a lyrical essay on the supermarket, the delights of Bradford. Even its soot is for her "most exquisitely white", and pollution badaba rather than leprous the city life. "An infinitely rich collection of black", Bradford week is found like a secret in the face of a Doran Gray who has been like a mist. Structuralism plucks art into costume, and indeed out of costume, is the theatre of the sign, the development of the sign from the signifier, as Michael Wood points out, an element of charade in our nostalgic element of dressing up, a variety of style as a variety of disguise. Even sexuality is now a costume

The scientists of camp

By Peter Conrad

Angela Carter argues that women have rearranged their faces, hollowing their cheeks and looking like the female impersonators who are Warhol's superstars — "fashionable women now tend to look like women imitating men imitating women". As Miss Carter says, "an interesting reversal", but one which shows how Wildean this new involution of form after all is.

The disjunction of form from content is celebrated in a number of essays. Professor of Semiotics, describing the process of "funturization", whereby gadgets like stereo eyes are tricked out in a mimicry of wood and stationed around the room as incidents in the decor, finds here a performance, form over function. Le Corbusier's easy chair is made to look comfortable, and offers to cushion you in billows of soft down; actually it allows you to kneel up and breaks your spine by reverse flexure in the process. Like the aerial kitchen table in *To the Lighthouse*, an image of the abstract inutility of Mr Ramsay's philosophy, the chair is made to be sat in. Angela Carter sets herself a similar "exercise in pure form", cutting a selection of faces from women's magazines and arranging them on the wall in the hope of assembling from them "a platonic, ideal face".

This formalism is, however, quickly at odds with radical reformers of *New Society*, represented in the present volume by John Berger (who attacks the art of portraiture as counter-revolutionary) and E. P. Thompson (who analyses the bourgeoisie's rightness in the letters page of *The Times*). Otherwise the volume is astonishingly conservative, because that is the political implication of the aesthetes' indifference to politics. Ruled by appearance, enchanted by form and novelty, function, the aesthetes have an interest in preserving things as they are. His very affectation of distaste for politics is a commitment to the right. Aestheticism tamps some of Mr Barker's contributors into dubious acts of political acquiescence. Reynier Banham's opposition to a bellicose foreign policy is disarmed by the beauty of the Radomes on the Yorkshire moors, and Angela Carter finds the opposite of the "stiletto" in the "the colour and texture of ripe apricots". She wonders if thirty years ago she would have "found this charming", but silences her misgivings by arguing that the ghostliness of yesterday is today's terrible new beauty. Ugliness ages into picturesqueness: in another essay, Michael Thompson, rigs up a set of diagrams to lend a paralytic respectability to this intellectual evasion.

The nostalgic formalism which turns the past into a static wardrobe threatens occasionally to develop into something more repressive. Formalism derives from Plato, who opened the gap between the radiant unperturbed Forms and the "inferior" flux of reality. Hence Angela Carter's quest for a "face" — a face that is "ideally faceless" and impersonal, from which individual character will have been erased. Hence too the joke conclusion of Reynier Banham's piece on household gadgets. Having begun by welcoming the technological abolition of housework, he ends with a reversion to the appliances "are abstract" sculptures, and are soiled by being made to cope with greasy human refuse. Banham would prefer to rescue the Forms from the flux of reality by "abstracting" them, from humbling contact with "scrambled eggs and soiled nappies", and the housewives whose liberation from drudgery he at first applauded are now nonaesthetically "abstracted" from the joy of looking up western culture that was ever achieved by deriding great art as making rude signs at platoon leaders.

A middle-aged, aesthetic, author is one of the book's stylistic elements, connected with it, as a fusion of critical judgement, camp,

because it divinizes tacky, tinselly ephemera, countenances a refusal to discriminate. The critic's ancient responsibility of segregating the good from the bad is abandoned, and now his delight is the preposterous elevation of the bad to parity with the good. Thus John Berger compares Francis Bacon "not with Goya or the early Elsenstein . . . but with Walt Disney"; Michael Wood says that Bob Dylan "writes verse which at times is as precise and poetic as Auden's"; and Angela Carter compares the truly list of Caravaggio's Bacchus with one of the signifiers of a new and pineapple portwine by Carme Miranda. This last conjunction occurs in an essay on male pin-ups which is, however, argued with a rigorous academic conservatism. Such indeed is not romantically risky and novel, but a new classicism, severe in its imposition of inverted standards, and Miss Carter objects to a *Playgirl* male pin-up on the stuffy and conformist grounds that it has no "aesthetic convention" to support it. Ever since Cranach female nudes have understood how to deploy an "erotic apparatus of beads, feathers, white stockings, black stockings, corsets, scarves, bodices, frilly knickers, hats" which "necessitates the nakedness" but the *Playgirl* man cannot rely on the sanction of tradition. His nakedness is embarrassingly unsymbolic because "a man's symbolic power . . . resides in his clothes, indicators of his status", and "a travelling robe has no . . . cultural resonance".

There is an academic Umlaut to this mode of criticism, despite its pretence of outlandishness, as Banham's Platonic kitchenware or Miss Carter's Michelangeloesque bestiaria reveal. These critics are impaled with the tawdry fads of our culture than with its genuinely original and puzzling artistic phenomena; they deal with the icons of pop and kitsch because these are comfortable, unoriginal, and can be easily assimilated to the academic tradition which they parody do not stir. Hence *Arts in Society* discusses cosmetics not painting, TV cops and Times readers not literature. Morecambe and Wise not drama. Nevertheless, the book does contain a few agreeably picturesque. The book is already a victim of that law of the inevitable transformation of the transient into the durable, the garish into the beautiful, which its contributors propound it as a monument to this warped world which it calls "the stiletto", and its very brash and bracing contemporaneity is the quality which makes it now seem so sociologically passé.

Aestheticism makes *Arts in Society* deeply anachronical: the same turns out to be inadvertently true of Morroe Berger's *Real and Imagined Worlds*, which, intending to mine novels for sociological insights, ends by disproving his own case and demonstrating how private, fugitive, and antipathetic a form the novel is to the social mechanism of incident and action on which it depends. Mr Berger stumbles across the contradiction early in his study: the intrusion of novelists into their narratives suggests, he says, "the writer's misapprehension of the story itself,

Princeton, and his writing is ardently scholarly and dismayingly all-inclusive. These laudatory virtues can't atone for his ingenuously as a literary critic. For the most part he is content to pass off synopses for analysis, and to extract intrusive generalizations about society from novels rather than searching for the subtler attitudes implied by the conduct of narrative or the nature of character. *Real and Imagined Worlds* simply shuffles and deals the contents of a capacious but unilluminating card-index. It might have been put together mechanically: this is criticism not as science but as sociology, sorting out and filing away "insights" (which is Mr Berger's word for "data"). A sentence from the chapter on "sociopsychological insights in the novel" illustrates his method: "Insights these conveyed can be classified according to subject: social class and power; law; economic, cultural, and religious institutions; marriage and the status of women; and interpersonal relations and emotional states."

By dodged conscientiousness Mr Berger's inquiry reveals a great deal about these revelations are false to his thesis about the compatibility of the novel and social science, for they all point to the antisocial reclusiveness of the novel. Mr Berger quotes Mme de Staël's denouncing it as a "recessed privacy, a form which redefines ancient notions of virtue and responsibility. Classical man, existing in small communities, was a citizen sharing in the distribution of public power"; in literature he therefore appears as a public achiever or actor, and the forms which suit him are epic or drama. Modern man understands liberty not as the chance to distinguish himself in the public space but as a guarantee of his inalienable privacy. Freedom is now the preservation of his independence of government. The literary form which coincides with this introversion is the novel. Mme de Staël denounces the English as masters of the novel because they as a race have perfected this domestic self-satisfaction, and their novels have become "works of morality in which obscure virtues and domestic can find grounds for exultation and create a sense of heroism for themselves". That heroism, as Diderot's essay on Richardson implies, is not classically martial or statesmanlike but romantic in its spirituality and its sentimentally wise preferences.

The novel's morality is therefore from the first at odds with the form. Though as a structure the novel must be populous and eventful, it distrusts the aspirations of society and longs for the safety of mental privacy. This self-contradiction shows in the attitude of novelists to the obligation of narrating. From Richardson's obsessive protraction of narrative to Forster's weary sigh about the primitive expectation that the novelist will tell a story, the novel resists the mechanism of incident and action on which it depends. Mr Berger stumbles across the contradiction early in his study: the intrusion of novelists into their narratives suggests, he says, "the writer's misapprehension of the story itself,

the sheer narrative, as a vehicle for conveying the larger meaning that serious fiction seeks to impart in all areas". But it is more than a consciousness of expanded meanings which prompts novelists to disown the form as they employ it. The novel grows by way of successive acts of revisionism. Novels are only written, it seems, to expose the defences of other novels. The writer's despair and disorientation criticize the sedate profiteering of Crusoe. The hearty virility of Joseph Andrews criticizes the merely technical, prudential chastity of Richardson's heroines. Jane Austen deplores the imaginative absurdities of Gothic fiction only to be in her turn criticized for tepidity by Charlotte Brontë. George Eliot's *Gwendolen* is shamed by the confrontation between her own acquisitive and trivial novelistic world and the epic of racial evolution, beyond the novel, into which Deronda is graduated. The social novel of the Victorians is paradoxically transformed. James turns its indignities into experiments of perceptive intelligence. Virginia Woolf dissolves its dinners, parties and excursions into impressionistic fluidity. H. G. Wells makes it a representation of the rational future of humanity. The novel develops by discarding its models, but its underlying motive is perhaps to dismiss the novel altogether.

Mr Berger has uncovered some interesting evidence of professional self-contempt: George Eliot in 1839 confessing that novels were a "pernicious influence, Edith Wharton forbidden by her parents to read novels and defending the prohibition in later life, Robbe-Grillet condemning narrative as a bourgeois imposition, a bureaucratization of imagination. But Mr Berger's critical innocence allows him to call Robbe-Grillet's assault on narrative "such nonsense". It cannot be refuted so glibly, because it connects with an aesthetic ambiguity central to the form of the novel, and predicts the fashionable radicalism to which Mr Berger reduces it. "Robbe-Grillet does not like narrative or the middle class, so he hates them", Mr Berger says, but similar criticisms have been advanced in the nineteenth century by Schopenhauer, for whom narrative was a metaphysical lie, entailing the will to validate an orderly system of consequences in the universe which was entirely chthonic, or by Nietzsche, who longed for literature to renounce the violence of incident and the imprisoning causality of the story and to concentrate instead on gaps and silences, things unsaid and undone.

These are mysteries which sociology will never comprehend, because they are so stubbornly anti-social. Mr Berger ends with a dread enforcement of the status quo, as if aware that the effort to combine disciplines has led nowhere: "The need, as usual, is to achieve balance in an approach to life and in the account of it. The novel and literature to understand it." This studious balance is of course upset by the *New Society* columnists, who turn society into extravagant and mere-tivous art, but better their inventiveness and enthusiasm than Mr Berger's scholarly pusillanimity.

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TLS Commentary

These foolish lips

Montherlant's *La Ville dont le prince est un enfant*, which was written in 1951, has as its subject master-plot passion in a Catholic boys' college: a subject which seemed so dangerous to Montherlant that he hesitated for fifteen years before allowing a professional production to take place in Paris, although in the interim there had been amateur productions in Switzerland, Belgium and Holland. The play is now at the Mermel in its first stage production in English in England, and has been renamed for the purpose *The First of the Condemned*, one of its biblical quotations being promoted in place of another.

Why all the fuss, why all the reticence? We may find ourselves asking in these liberal late 1970s. What makes Montherlant's scruples surprising is that his play clearly goes far beyond what might be thought to be of gossip value in its subject. Unlike Gide, he has almost nothing to say specifically about adolescent crushes, paedophilia and dormitory love-play. And far from simply exercising the demon of this "forbidden" love by during to discuss it at all, he reaches beyond it to explore passions in no way peculiar to homosexuality. He draws an austere picture of jealousy, frustrated desire and tragic sorrow. The play has the shape, the economy and the residual, the very language of French classical drama (in addition *Andromaque* is being rehearsed as the school play and Racinean allusions abound). Sexual repression, as institutionalized in the school and articulated in the exquisite displacements and evasions of theological language, is the power source for Montherlant's

resonant and brilliantly controlled moral debate. The central character, l'abbé de Pradis—splendidly played by Nigel Hawthorne—loves one of his pupils and finds another as his rival in love. He is a paragon of devoutness but, as his emotional manipulations are exposed, he comes to represent fatal passion pure and simple. His decline from agent of repressive authority to its victim coincides with his rise to tragic grandeur from an initial smallness of motive. In the second act we are left wondering whether something hasn't been left out: Turinville has become l'abbé with scarcely time for a costume change. But the third act, with its two complementary scenes of enforced sacrifice, is a dramatic structure of rare coherence: de Pradis calls upon his rival to renounce his love in the moments before the same act of renunciation is demanded of de Pradis by the Father Superior of the college.

Montherlant's play is a critique of the ideological filter through which de Pradis's sexuality passes again and again. He is a character brought low by the obfuscating language he talks. But the critique speaks in no way peculiar to homosexuality. He is a Catholic idiom in which a large part of the play is cast: its language is a smoother, more around, more systematic and more portentous version of the language which we all use to talk about our feelings, to display our good intentions, to disguise our bad, and seek public sanction for our desire. In *Ecce Homo*, the land where the king is a child is the land also where the "lips of a fool will swallow up himself". It is in this terrifying land that the play places us all.



A version of another version of Dylan Thomas: a caricature by Hirschfeld of Alec Guinness, playing the part in *Dylan*. From *The Entertainers* (81pp, Elm Tree Books, £1.50), a selection of the inspired caricatures of A. Hirschfeld, who has been drawing for *The New York Times* for thirty-three years. His victims here include stars of stage, screen and television—among them Elizabeth Taylor, Margaret Rutherford, Lucille Ball and Woody Allen—and singers and entertainers from Al Jolson to Elvis Presley and Liza Minnelli. It is introduced by a fittingly zany foreword by S. J. Perelman, who reveals that Hirschfeld "grinds his own ink, using authentic cat dissolved in horse urine".

Macnamaras' band

The poster in the window of the Parkin Gallery in Motcombe Street, London SW1, reproduces Rupert Shepherd's chalk portrait of Dylan Thomas, and the poster might be forgiven for thinking that the show inside (which can be seen until November 25) was devoted to images of the poet. On looking at the title given to the show, "Calidn and Dylan", he might expect to find representations of the Thomases' turbulent marriage. In fact, Mr Shepherd's show is focused on Calidn Thomas's family, and a more accurate title—though one perhaps less likely to pull the visitors in from Motcombe Street—would be "Life Among the Macnamaras".

Or perhaps "Rupert Shepherd's In-laws", for, like Thomas, Mr Shepherd married a Macnamara. As a student at the Slade in the 1930s he had known Calidn's sister, Nicolette, and through her the rest of the family. He visited Mrs Macnamara and her daughters at their house at Blashford in the New

Forest, and he stayed with Francis, the flamboyant father, at Ebbw Vale. He reproduced the family portrait in his book. Out of these visits came the sort of picture that you might expect a young, rather conventional painter to produce: a group of people, the Macnamaras, in a domestic setting. The Macnamaras' first husband, the painter, died in 1939, and the family moved to London. The Macnamaras' second husband, the painter, died in 1939, and the family moved to London. The Macnamaras' second husband, the painter, died in 1939, and the family moved to London.

These pictures from the 1930s and early 1940s amount to about half of the show. Taken together they record a young painter's impressions of the members of a family, and of the places in which they lived. Of the painter they reveal influences—namely that of Augustus John, who lived near the Macnamaras and was an intimate of the family—and limitations. Of the family they reveal scarcely anything at all: that Yvonne Macnamara was handsome, attractive-looking, woman, that her daughter Calidn was a heavy, jumpy dancer, that Calidn's husband left his cigarette in the corner of his mouth when he smoked. No more than that.

After the war Shepherd left England to become professor of fine art at Queen's University and remained out of the country for twenty years. Then in the 1960s he came home and married Nicolette, and a new connection with the Macnamaras began.

He returned to the house at Blashford and painted a number of pictures of it: he visited and painted the home of the family friend, the painter, near Nimes, and he went back to Laughton to paint the town, the estuary, and the houses where Dylan and Calidn lived. These pictures form a second section of the show, and they have a kind of utility, like the illustrations in the book. But the book they illustrate is not a book by Dylan Thomas: it is the extraordinary novel written by Shepherd's wife, Nicolette Devay's *Two Plumbagoes*. The Macnamaras dominate the show; their lives are the focus of the book. The book is a portrait of the family, and of the people of this country, and of the people of the Foreign Office, or, and this is the book's even more important, the confidence of other countries in the general spirit by which our policy is determined.

From the British documents, so far as we are able to judge from this treatment, no ill effects will befall the country, and there is certainly will and ought to be, some action or proposal: but we do not see that there is anything which could undermine the confidence and trust which the people of this country are now placing in the Foreign Office, or, and this is the book's even more important, the confidence of other countries in the general spirit by which our policy is determined.

BIOGRAPHY

GEORGE D. PAINTER:
Chateaubriand
Volume 1: The Louged-for Tempests
258pp. Chatto and Windus, £7.95.

The little rue Chateaubriand, in Paris, leads into the rue Lord Byron, and is itself approached from the rue Washington. All this is highly appropriate. Chateaubriand and Byron, the two *heaux* *romantiques* of the Romantic Movement, and so much more durable than their own warring heroes, knew and disliked each other: it was probably the instant hatred of true recognition. Washington is merely a walk-on part in the story. "Well, well, young man," he is reported to have said when he discovered Frenchman announced to him that he intended, single-handed, to discover the North-West Passage. Chateaubriand's reply is unrecorded, for the very probable reason that the interview never took place. But it ought to have done. Chateaubriand had the equipment of the sort of novelist who always improves on the facts and sometimes gently forgets them. Stendhal, who was the sort of novelist who does neither of these things, called Chateaubriand the most consummate hypocrite in France, a view echoed more moderately by Balzac. We must remember that the rocky rue Balzac also, but more circuitously, leads into the rue Chateaubriand.

This territorial prelude is a small tribute to George Painter who has now given us the biography that was most awfully missing from our shelves. His first volume—there are two more to come—charts Chateaubriand's progress from his gloomy, draughty childhood in Brittany to the Paris of the Revolution and his escape to America; it brings him back to France, to the Army of the Princes, and ends him making his steady way from Coblenz to Thionville to Brussels and to Ostend, and finally embarks him on the Jersey Packet from St. Helier to exile in England. The year is 1793. Chateaubriand is twenty-five years old and has not yet published a word, although he has the material for *Atala*, *René*, and *Les Natchez* in his knapsack. The present volume is therefore untrammelled by any kind of literary criticism, nor does one miss it.

By the same token, Francois René, as Mr Painter euphemistically calls him (although his own father never addressed him as anything less than "chevalier"), emerges from these pages as a somewhat more modest figure than the idealized artist who passes continuous and sorrowful judgment on *Friend and foe alike in the pages of the Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*. He becomes a more genuine than the one he created, the writer René who took over from Voltaire the task of providing a paradigm for disaffected French adolescents.

His father, René-Auguste, was a prisoner and slave-trader who had crossed the Atlantic more than once, and his mother, a French research reveals him as having set the pattern for Chateaubriand's early perspective on the world. When he retired and bought the chateau of Combourg, the joyless René-Auguste adopted a style of life which would have seemed bizarre to his contemporaries in other parts of France. He would

rise at four in the morning, surmount his servant, and drink his coffee, adding sugar from the house-hold supply which he kept locked in his bedroom. He would attend to his papers, mostly concerned with feudal dues or his nebulous credits in the West Indies, until dinner at noon. From two o'clock until the light faded he would walk about his estate. For the evening meal, eaten at eight o'clock, he would change into a white woollen robe with matching nightcap. Then he would walk endlessly up and down the guardroom, in which this meal was taken and which was lit by only one candle, until he retired to bed, leaving his wife, son, and daughter Lucile by the fire. An inventory taken after his death shows that he left very little money but possessed eighty-six shirts.

This combination of pedigree and discomfort, of parsimony and hauteur, of unworship and penury, was passed on to René-Auguste's two sons, Jean-Baptiste and François. The first, that of Maître des Requêtes in the Parlement at Rennes, the second a subaltern in the regiment of Navarre. Both sons were presented at court. The most remarkable moment in Chateaubriand's memoirs, the only moment at which he approaches his adored Rousseau, is when he describes his terrible panic on reaching Paris. A woman in the coach, seeing that he was incapable of looking for himself, found him a room in a cheap hotel; the bed was not made. The future explorer of America fell into a state of despair. Where was he to find his dinner?

He adapted quickly enough, although he remained psychologically rooted in Brittany, the scene of his prolonged and traumatic adolescence. There may have been an emotional weakness there which his self-examination did little to shift. Much remains unknown, particularly concerning Lucile (the *Amidie* René), who died insane. Mr Painter denies the long-held view that the two were guilty of incest, but in order to do so he has to ignore the fact that all Chateaubriand's writing is autobiographical, the canon of Lucile's life as he used to when his own life is so extraordinarily fertile in adventures. By the same token, the rarely confessed, he describes Stendhal's scornful assessment of him as arising from the shadowy relations of the nudes and disciplines of fiction and the somnolent endures of one "revenu à la tour". It is as if the prophet Jeremiah had been told that the king of Judah was a murderer who would end up in the corps diplomatique.

This absence of conflict springs from a predisposition of the Chateaubriand: his successes lay in travel, not in self-assessment. Just as René-Auguste had thought nothing of going to Newfoundland or San Domingo but was incapable of recognizing himself as an adventurer, so his son, when faced with the mutilated heads of Berthier and Foulon hoisted on pikes, decided that the Revolution need not be feared, and he was not alone in his feelings. He included the useful *Mémoires*, and printed with all the relevant historical, geographical, and biographical manuals, set off for America to discover the New West. Alone and without supplies, he crossed to Baltimore with a shipload of dispossessed nobles and novice-masters from Saint-Denis, suffered, neither in disposition, sea-sickness, nor *dépaysement*, and landed in America on July 10, 1791.

Chateaubriand's own account of his wanderer pilgrimage is the *Forest of the New World*—a paradise of birds, flowers, animals, and half-caste maidens—can be read in the *Mémoires*, and in *Les Natchez*. It is epic, not only in scope but in feeling. Just as the idea was to reach the apex of Europe, to proceed with ease to the Middle East in order to find a passage to India, so Chateaubriand opened a new chapter in the geography and climate of writing: the

rise at four in the morning, surmount his servant, and drink his coffee, adding sugar from the house-hold supply which he kept locked in his bedroom. He would attend to his papers, mostly concerned with feudal dues or his nebulous credits in the West Indies, until dinner at noon. From two o'clock until the light faded he would walk about his estate. For the evening meal, eaten at eight o'clock, he would change into a white woollen robe with matching nightcap. Then he would walk endlessly up and down the guardroom, in which this meal was taken and which was lit by only one candle, until he retired to bed, leaving his wife, son, and daughter Lucile by the fire. An inventory taken after his death shows that he left very little money but possessed eighty-six shirts.

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By Nicolai Rubinstein

Like Marvin Becker, he considers the decline in the political influence of corporations, such as the guilds, one of the major changes in Florentine politics from the late fourteenth century to the present.

By J. K. Hyde

Failure to grasp the problem clearly has been largely due to fuzzy thinking about what is meant by "family." Francis Kent's starting-point is to distinguish between the household and the wider group. The household, which is a physical, visible phenomenon for the social scientist, can be very elusive in historical records; indeed it is detailed Flood states that even the highly accurate tax documents require very careful work before the group which shared a common everyday life can be identified with any degree of certainty. By an extensive examination of the records relating to his three chosen families over a period of more than a century, Mr Kent is able to show that there was

In politics too, membership of a powerful league, or a caste, advantages the individual with the *divieto* against forbidden kinsmen from holding office concurrently, did no more than send him back. Here Dr Kone's picture of the local. Rubens's complementary to the government of Florida is fundamental and, and shows how the the of office began with the ex- of the influence of the lineage, the boundaries in the local at a move away from the streets and squares, the neces- political eclipse. The usually the extinction of families with

At this point a polemical note enters the discussion, the object of criticism being the upholders of the new Renaissance individualism, of which Edward Goldswaite is taken to be the leading representative. The main target is the generalization contained in the title of the book, *Goldswaite's Private World in Renaissance Florence*, a point on which many a writer has been known to take his guard. Some of these criticisms are fully justified. It is time that the "tower societies" be recognized as significant but essentially ephemeral responses to specific economic and political conditions; as David Gentilcore has already suggested, the medieval extension of family is a general phenomenon of which the Renaissance is only a specific instance, not the special needs of the period, it is doubtful if property

[illegible]

By Esmond Wright

JOSEPH P. LASH :
Roosevelt and Churchill 1939-1941
The Partnership that Saved the West.
 528pp. André Deutsch. £6.95.

Nothing in these books greatly adds to these known verdicts on the man. Nor does Elliot Roosevelt moving and vivid piece of pieté lead one to qualify the view that his father was, first and last, an opportunist, and that the ambition began early. In part it is the story of the poor little rich boy cushioned by affluence, by the best education a proud parent could buy at Groton and Harvard, and by the chaperonage even at Harvard of a doting mother who was to rely on her son to support her in old age. Over him and his wife in the White House itself.

Even the shattering impact polio at the age of thirty-nine was used to fit into the existing political stereotype: the flag-carrier, as vice-presidential candidate in 1920, was likely to be a candidate again; the picture of the fight back from crippling illness was itself of voting-gathering importance. During his illness he sent 3,000 letters even to non-politicians to keep his

By Philip French

Gregory's eloquent piece, "Guns on the Roaring West" is now long forgotten (a pity because it puts a strong case most persuasively) while Warshaw's, brilliantly aimed at a much smaller audience, has been reprinted in numerous anthologies and can be said to have carried the day.

The subject-matter of both critics, however, was with its moral, aesthetic and social uses and in neither

If the book is critical of one parent, and full of affection for the other, some reputations suffer. By the end there are few heroes left. Joseph Kennedy "was susceptible to the charms of a variety of ladies as well as Gloria [Swanson] and his patient wife, Rose, the mother of his children. After lunching with him one afternoon in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel on

history: many record that he led the greatest social revolution in free world ever known. He inaugurated a system of governmental responsibility for every citizen that has been copied by every modern administration. He built a military machine with an incredible productive capacity. He was the progenitor of the United Nations, who served the cause of peace with a remarkable compassion. There have been differences in the character of Presidents and the President in recent years, but few improvements.

I believe that April 12, 1968 when Father died, marked the day when morality in government began to pass from the picture. The world will read eyed us in Vietnam and the abyss identified as Watergate.

Of only one man did Roosevelt stand in some awe, and find him turns fascinating, exciting—exasperating. And that was Winston Churchill. From May 1940 until death nearly five years later exchanged some 1,700 letters with him, long and frank mutual changes every third or fourth Joseph Lash tells the story of relationship for the crucial period 1939-41, in which the friendship trust became so total that on it reliance, and in the end the victory depended. Lash was, Eleanor Ro-

As his bibliography and format attest, this is now a well-trodden field, and despite his assiduousness Mr. Lash adds little that is new to it. The biographies of Roosevelt by Frank Bruni and by Lash are good. But notably the latter's second volume *Soldier of Freedom* (1976) covers this same ground equally well, and every major figure in the history of the 1920s has left a confirmatory gloss or two of an anecdotal sort. He makes clear if defeatist threat to the nation, and womanizer but as arch-appeaser who almost came out publicly against Roosevelt just before the nomination. And Madrid the Duke of Windsor to United States embassy officials try to end the war before obvious more to have the fact of new politicians.

Nor were the early reports coming back to Roosevelt from cool and experienced — if ultra-Brahmin — observers much more hopeful. Sumner Welles did not find the First Lord of the Admiralty congenial. It was, *inter alia*, Churchill's capacity for liquor that staggered the President and his party when they first met in Argentina Bay, August 1941.

What Mr Lash does reveal, perhaps by inadvertence than intent is the social viewpoint

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Studio Vista

case was the distortion of nineteenth-century reality to a romantic concern. To the relationship of the cowboy cult and the cowboy movie to American history is an immensely complicated one, and no frontier historian today would be so naïve as to judge a Hollywood (or Cinescope) Western simply on the basis of its historical accuracy. Any serious acceptance of frontier history is not the cliché, but the activities of the narrow, obsessive Western history enthusiasts, those antiquarian pedants whose feet are planted firmly in the agebrush and heads perched in the clouds in gaudy hats. They know nothing of the cowboy and the cowboy movie, and they have no interest in the cowboy, the West, and politics.

Encyclopedia of the Old West is a 1980s-era, second-hand, "conception" about "the rip-roaring adventures of American expansion" that appeared in America under a more appropriate title *Wild America*. Woolly, and even more woolly, than the *Encyclopedia*, it has retained it. Like Graham Greene's pulp-paperback *Westerns* writer, Holly Martins, Mr. McLaughlin is a British citizen, a native of Boston and a writer of children's books and draws Western comic strips. Whether (unlike Martins) he has actually been in the West this particular jacket does not disclose; one imagines it

possible to become an honorary member of the Arizona Past-Durand Association," by mail. His bibliography cites no books by Walbridge Prescott Webb, J. Frank Dobson, Odie B. Faulk, John Hawgood, Robert Dykstra or Alvin Joseph and there is no reference to Frederick Jackson Turner, Theodore Roosevelt, and Owen Wister, who almost invyted the West. O searched in vain for articles on, say, controversy, the Nation

Grange, populism, railway tycoons like Thomas Durant, or Fred Harvey, the restaurateur whose reserved passengers on the Atchafalaya and the Santa Fe, "Drum entries on government policy have been avoided", the author tells us.

What we are given is a 16-page guide to Tombstone in the 1880s, three columns on the second page, "characterized by the best of the old legends on Billy the Kid, is listed not as William Bonney with that kind of peadantry characteristic of the buff, under "real" name of Henry McCarty.

Along with the strained search for "loose" and pseudo-scholarship, a folksy, homespun tone that m-

many entries sound like, *Hashe* is narrated by a "potholes" character who is "a little bit like" *Gaby*. *Hayes*, reminiscing as the Old West from a cracker-butt outside the general store of a dusty cow-town. A certain man called the Doctor, for instance, is described as "a ten-minute" who "frequently rips mortising baddies" before he himself is "pirated in a fog of guano." *Lengthy* is a "pensive" character who is a "lawman John Slaughter" who "clades." There's about the last of the Slaughter saga, for old died on December 15, 1922, at the age of eighty-one, and "read" with affecting, at imaginary streamers tobacco juice.

The book is amusing enough dip into, but the blunkered it represents is almost as large as a plucking. The *Hayes* movie as it is to see scholarship. Any prospective chances would be better advised await the forthcoming encyclopedia of American literature, edited by Howard Lamar of Yale, in

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the 1930s. The men around Roosevelt said that great patrician himself, says Churchill as a great orator of whom they were in awe, and as a man of transcendent patriotism and integrity, but also as a blimp, an arch-imperialist whose "Levees on Gandhi" had "made the British Empire a more eloquent master for war but who would be a dangerous guide through the more complex ways of peace. Mr Lush hints that the selection of Harry Hopkins as presidential envoy in January 1941 carried with it a "strong irony" inasmuch as the son of the Iron City harness maker, social worker and now dealer with the fox hunting British grandee". Perhaps so: the New Dealers too live by their mythology. In fact, Hopkins came to observe and stay, Hopkins enquired and mused. Churchill has convinced that he's the greatest man in the world". Hopkins said, before he left. A few weeks later, he slunk away to his bed at Chequers at two in the morning after a long session with Churchill, enclosing himself in a chair. Iron of the lips, muttering at intervals, "Jesus Christ! What a man!"

In this telling this remains great story, and has in it still some element of the miraculous. Under any other leader Britain in the high and glorious summer of 1940 might have gone down. The fact that she has done nothing of the kind is a tribute to the United States support which might have well sought a compromise peace. By the spring of 1941, however, what was striking to American observers was that the United States was not alone in the Atlantic and everywhere else. Without Roosevelt, the United States might have pursued "fortress America" policy, leaving this nation to be destroyed, Britain to be dominated by the knowledge that each man was uniquely steeled in one case by suffering and by triumph over domestic odds and in another by the knowledge that his patriotism and by the knowledge that on the Nazi issue he knew he was absolutely right and absolutely consistent right and absolutely sure, and that he was not alone in this consciousness for consistency. The countries were indeed fortunate. And the moral is clearly that democracies tortured by bureaucracy and by the consent of the governed can never in peace, there is no substitute for leadership. There is



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Lan, the protagonist, finds himself at nineteen dominated by his mother and by his identical twin, Lew, in a desperate bid for personal

freedom he retreats to an unused cottage of his mother's, in Somerset. Here, however, his total submission to Lew is intensified by strange hallucinatory periods when his mind enters that of his twin and Lan becomes Lew. At first this is almost exhilarating—the unfamiliar taste of social and physical success is unexpectedly sweet—but gradually he comes to dread the terror of a mind without anchor, a soul without identity. Release comes through Novanna, a visiting American girl, who becomes his lover, his mother, his goddess, his queen, and who fortifies him for the final battle of souls between the two brothers, pitched in a labyrinthine underworld, deep beneath the Somerset hills.

Clearly this is a story written

Worlds at war

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The Shadow of the Gloom-World
Gollancz. £3.60. (575 0227 9)

TANITH LEE:

East of Midnight
Macmillan. £3.50. (333 23069 8)

Some plot areas are being worked to death: in the highly competitive "after-the-big-bang" group, therefore it is a pleasure to see a professional at work. Almost an optimistic gloss on 1984, G. R. Kesteven's *The Awakening Water* takes us thirty years on from national catastrophe, where society is being rebuilt by "the party". One way of restoring order has been to sedate large numbers of people, especially the children. From this premise we follow one boy, Winford Nine John, in his progress from drugged automaton, through his "awakening", by drinking "pure" water, his escape, and his acceptance into a "resistance" group. The story, helped for once by the dislocation of familiar surroundings, is consistently fresh and exciting, with a neat and intelligent final twist. The only drawback is the tendency to make the hero work over conversations to make sure that all the points have been taken.

But it is the sheer competence of the prose, the fact that it becomes in itself, that is cheering. The style is clean and confident, with no snags or unintentional foregrounding to stumble over. It might even be possible to detect some quiet irony in the names of the central characters, Janer and John, which grace other such books.

Roger Eldridge's *The Shadow of the Gloom-World* does not have many of the virtues and it has some of the marks of the first novel—archness and self-consciousness. Pace the dustjacket, the story of a community hidden underground after the apocalypse and due to emerge now the surface is "safe" is original only in its detail. The hero, Fernfeather, leaves the caverns (just off the London Underground) to find a world populated by "survivors". The idea of a community living on hidden and controlled by banks of falling computers, although claustrophobic, enough, is rather mechanical, and avoids any depth or implication. The same faults apply to the prose, which is low-key to the point of clumsiness, and who often seems to be unintentionally patronizing. Some of the details do not seem well considered; others, like the speaking computer which just happens to croak its last as Fernfeather returns to lead his folk into the world, are perfunctory. *The Shadow of the Gloom-World* is good enough, but there is little in it that is exceptional.

Beside it, Tanith Lee's *East of Midnight* leaves an impression of bright, and garish splashes of colour. Another well-trodden plot, the transfer of minds between worlds, leaves the sorcerer Zaister in the body of Dekton, the "rebel" slave, and vice versa. But, whereas Zaister cannot cope with the residual ignorance of Dekton,

the slave's earthy strength makes him a formidable figure in Zaister's world. All this is interesting enough, and it is here that Miss Lee's imagination takes off. Where as the interchange of minds is rather circumstantial for magic, the world of women-kings who ride lions and dispose of their weak male consorts every five years flashes with ideas. It also touches deeper themes of love, sex, and honour, and reaches a moving climax.

The only problem lies in the unevenness of the writing. There are patches of poor narrative, and pages of wry wit which have little relevance to the book. Equally, the point of view shifts disconcertingly, and the first part is undercut by the characterlessness of the ignorant slave. Thus, although it is full of shafts of shrewdness, one could wish for the simple narrative skills of a G. R. Kesteven to lift it from the interesting to the good.

Peter Hunt

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JOHN TULLY:

Johnny Goodlooks
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The plight of children battered or abandoned by their parents is not, one might have thought, the most appealing subject for a book for the young. Even in our present enlightened age when no topic seems too sacred or too daring to be aired in a children's novel, authors still shy away from homes and characters that may disturb rather than shock the young reader. Death, contraception, menstruation—these subjects are now commonplace in books for the young, but emotional deprivation and physical cruelty appear less often.

In her new book, *The Pinballs*, Betsy Byars helps to fill the gap a little. The "pinballs" of the title are three children who, like the balls in a pinball machine, are powerless—or so it seems—to resist the apparently arbitrary decisions and events which send them spinning from one uncertain home to another. "As soon as they get settled, somebody comes along and puts in another dime and off they go again," says Carlie, who has been beaten up by her latest step-father, though not before she had hit him back with a frying pan. Her fellow "pinballs" are Harvey, whose mother has gone "fit herself" in a commune, leaving him at the mercy of a drunken father who runs over his son's legs in his car, and little Thomas J., found abandoned by aged spivak who has now gone off to care for him. The three children, each damaged and deformed in different ways by adult indifference, are taken into care and become the foster-children of kindly Mr and Mrs Mason. In this new, stable

environment, rebellious Carlie, withdrawn Harvey and timorous Thomas J. help each other to adjust to their desperate situations and learn from each other and from the Masons that they are not "pinballs" after all.

Given such a theme and such characters, it is only to be expected that *The Pinballs* should be a moving book. And, coming from such a writer as Betsy Byars, it is only to be expected that it should be extremely funny into the bargain. Yet, despite the incidental comedy in this story and the deceptively simplicity of its telling, Betsy Byars has written a serious book about a disturbing subject, investing it with the insight, sympathy and sense of comedy that have distinguished her more recent work. *The Pinballs* is a book to remember.

The hero of John Tully's *Johnny Goodlooks* is a foster-child, too, though he never seems greatly troubled by his situation or by the fact that his foster-parents—an unscrupulous uncle and his shrewish wife—are little for him. And so it is with no sense of guilt that Johnny allows himself to be taken home by the rich madwoman, Mrs Ogilvie, who seems to think that he is her long-lost son. Roddy, Johnny is used to the rough life of the Battersea back streets and so is determined to make the most of the situation. But when his uncle finds out and tries to take criminal advantage of Mrs Ogilvie's obsession, Johnny finds himself protecting his benefactress instead.

John Tully's previous books were historical adventure stories and *Johnny Goodlooks*, though set in present-day London, is cast in much the same mould. The story rattles along at a brisk pace with the aid of a lively first-person narration, and it contains enough incident and suspense to compensate for the rather unimaginative characterization and predictable plot.

Lance Salway

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BERNARD ASHLEY:

All My Men
Oxford University Press. £2.95.
(19 21390 6)

Jan Mark and Bernard Ashley are two of the most interesting writers to have emerged in the past few years. Mr Ashley's new book, *All My Men*, is his third; *Under the Autumn Garden* follows Jan Mark's prize-winning first novel, *Thunder and Lightning*. Both writers are at home with boys, have little time for girls (glittering creatures, mostly on the sidelines), and both writers roll out a real, recognisable world, full of hidden traps, awkward encounters, embarrassments and even dangers. There are molehills in the goal mouth, abandoned gas cookers as well as bluebells and sycamores in the dell, and a dead pigeon through the letter box.

Jan Mark is the more relaxed writer. She does not worry so much about plot. She establishes her characters easily, almost carelessly. They talk as real people talk, as real people talk in Norfolk, which is again the setting of her story. She is particularly good at making the reader aware of a whole collection of people: a crowded kitchen, a surging playground full of children.

Matthew, at the centre of her story, means well. Yet in his brief school as Head Boy of the village school, everything goes wrong for him. His sins are mostly of omission. He fails to write to his friend in hospital, he fails to understand the plight of the Angel family, he does not mend the puncture in his bicycle tyre and, worst of all, he fails to complete his history chart. Instead he becomes obsessed by a hole he is digging in his garden.

Matthew digs and digs. His hole is itself the cause of endless trouble and when he does at last find something, it is not in his dig but by chance, kittens, and "too late to save him".

Bernard Ashley would never allow himself such a downbeat ending. His new novel is less of a social tract than *The Trouble with Donovan Croft* and *Terrace on the Terrace*, but Mr Ashley knows children, and it is as a writer he gives the impression that he knows them from outside and above, from the stance of an understanding headmaster, he also knows that kids will prefer the sort of ending he gives to *All My Men*, with everything neatly sorted out, the bully routed, the hero vindicated. Mr Ashley has a good story to tell and sets real problems for Paul to face. Anyone who still mutters about educationalists being the happiest days of your life might do well to ponder some of the appalling situations Paul finds himself in, not through vice or even stupidity but because of a natural desire to be accepted as one of the footballing crowd, and not to become a loner like clever Arthur.

Bernard Ashley's mistake, it seems to me, is that he is not content to tell a good story in his straightforward, pedestrian prose. He would like to be a more literary writer than he is. As a stylist, he is simply not in Jan Mark's class. He sometimes overwrites. For instance, it is a dark steing of effort in the sun which sows the seeds, not sweat; and the same fault can even lead to misunderstanding, as when Paul's father breathes "the shallow signs of unconscious exhaustion" for a moment the reader may well think he has been known unconscious rather than that he is merely asleep.

In his quest for realism, Mr Ashley scatters exclamations with a will: Blast! Hell! Thank God! Hell! God, he was lumpy. And there is no sense at all that money readers will enjoy this highly documented school story, and recognize the truth in their own knowledge of the world. Jan Mark's world is a quieter one, and seen not head-on but from an angle. Under the Autumn Garden, you will retain in its readers' minds not as a book read but as part of their own experience.

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